A

SONG

UPON

INFORMATION.

Design'd agt the witnesses of ye plott

To the Tune of, **Conventiclers are grown so Witch.**

15th April. 1681.

I.

INforming of late 's a Notable Trade;
For he that his Neighbor intends to invade,
May pack *him* to *Tyburn* (no more's to be said)
Such Power hath *Information:*
Be Good, & be Just, & Fight for your *King*,
Or ſtand for your Country's Honour;
You'r ſure, by preciſe *Information*, to ſwing;
Such Spells ſhe hath got upon Her.

II.

To *Six Hundred and Sixty*, from *Forty One*,
She left not a Biſhop, nor Clergy-Man;
But compell'd both Church and State to run,
By the Strength of the *Non-Conformiſt:*
The *Dean* and *Chapter*, *Scepter* and *Crown*,
(The *Lords* and *Commons* ſnarling)
By bleſt *Information*, came tumbling down;
Fair Fruits of an over-long Parling.

III.

'Twas This that ſummon'd the Bodkins all,
The Thimbles, and Spoons, to the *City-Hall*;
When St. *Hugh* to the *Babes of Grace* did call,
To prop up the Cauſe that was ſinking:
This made the *Coblar* take the Sword,
The *Pedlar*, and the *Weaver*,
By the Power of the *Spirit*, and not by the *Word*,
Made the *Tinker* wear Cloak and Beaver.

IV.

'Tis *Information* from *Valle-do-Leed*,
Makes *Jeſuits*, *Fryars*, and *Monks* to Bleed,
Decapitates *Lords*, and what not indeed,
Doth ſuch Damnable *Information*.
It Cities Burns, and ſticks not to boaſt,
Without any Mincing or Scruple;
Of Forty Thouſand Black Bills by the Poſt,
Brought in with the *Devil*'s Pupil.

V.

This Imp with her Jealouſies and Fears,
Puts all Men together by the Ears,
Strikes at Religion, and Kingdoms tears,
By Voting againſt the **Brother.**
This makes *Abhorrers*, makes *Lords* Proteſt,
They know not why, nor wherefore:
This ſtrikes at **Succeſſion**, but aims at the Reſt;
Pray look about you therefore.

VI.

This raiſeth Armies in the Air,
Imagining more than you need have to fear;
Keeps Horſe under Ground, and Arms to tear
The Cities and Towns in ſunder.
'Tis this made the *Knight* to *Newark* run,
With his *Fidus Acates* behind him;
Who brought for the Father, one more like the Son,
The *Devil* and *Zeal* did ſo blind him.

VII.

It Whips, it Strips, it Hangs, and Draws,
It Pillories alſo without any Cauſe,
By Falſly *Informing* the Judges and Laws,
With a Trick from *Salamanca:*
This Hurly-Burly's all the Town,
Makes *Smith* and *Harris* prattle;
Who ſpare neither Caſſock, Cloak, nor Gown,
In their Paltry Tittle Tattle.

VIII.

'Tis *Information* Affrights us all;
By *Information*, we Riſe and Fall;
Without *Information*, there's no **Plot** at all:
And all is but *Information.*
That *Pickering* ſtood in the *Park* with a Gun,
And *Godfrey*, by *Berry*, was Strangled;
'Twas from *Information* ſuch Stories begun,
Which the Nation ſo much have Entangled.

FINIS.

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